

"He is here, and none to-day holds so high a place in the minds of all who live here. He has saved the island."

"All are here that matter," said Noreen. "And I came to forget!"

"What do you remember?" asked Sheila.

"I remember all—how he died!"

Suddenly Sheila had a desire to shriek aloud. This woman—did this woman then see Erris Boyne die? Was she present when the deed was done? If so, why was she not called to give evidence at the trial. But yes, she was called to give evidence. She remembered it now, and the evidence had been that she was in her own home when the killing took place.

"How did he die?" she asked in a whisper.

"One stroke did it—only one, and he fell like a log." She made a motion as of striking, and shuddered, covering her eyes with trembling hands.

"You tell me you saw Dyck Calhoun do this to an undefended man—you tell me this!"

Sheila's anger was justified in her mind. That Dyck Calhoun should—

"I did not see Dyck Calhoun strike him," gasped the woman. "I did not say that. Dyck Calhoun did not kill Erris Boyne!"

"My God!—oh, my God!" said Sheila with ashen lips, but a great light breaking in her eyes. "Dyck Calhoun did not kill Erris Boyne! Then who killed him?"

There was a moment's pause, then—"I killed him," said the woman in agony. "I killed him."

A terrible repugnance seized Sheila. After a moment she said in agitation: "You killed him—you struck him down! Yet you let an innocent man go